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# TRB®

from Washington

## Marse Mitchell

Attorney General Mitchell, who advises Mr. Nixon on everything from Supreme Court appointments to Cambodia, held his annual press conference here last week. After the new school year, he said, not only will most of the school districts of the South be desegregated but "most of the irritants involved will be behind us." Well, gee whizz.

There is a great change in Mitchell. He has mellowed wonderfully. On the racial front he has suddenly brought suits against recalcitrant school districts, and also decided to withhold tax exemption from the "segregationist academies" mushrooming in the South.

The Gallup poll reports only one Negro in four approves Mr. Nixon's performance and maybe this heavy black burden is bringing the new smile of patient understanding to the Attorney General, who is Mr. Nixon's political strategist. But another reason probably accentuates the change; it is simply that the "Southern strategy" has failed. Yes, the air came out of the thing when George Wallace won the primary run-off in Alabama, June 2. Up till then the theory was that Mr. Nixon could capture his precarious second term by being winsome to the segregationists. He would get to the right of George Wallace and stay there, in bed with Strom Thurmond. But Wallace's victory put a quiet but decisive end to the dream. Southern strategy is a flop.

Suddenly Mitchell is showing what a kindly, indulgent liberal he is. Not showy, you understand, but true blue underneath. Don't worry, though, his spirit has not been permanently crushed. A 15-man Senate committee tried to get him to testify on school desegregation. To the second appeal he replied blandly July 9 that "if it is still the view of *all* of the members [my italics] . . . I would be pleased to again consider such an appearance." For quiet insolence this ranks high. Mitchell knew he could depend on at least one Southern friend to let him go free. Reporters gaped at his amazing statement that desegregation "irritants" will disappear next year. No general back from Vietnam has been more optimistic, not even Hoover with "prosperity round the corner." The fact is that the Administration is ending segregation by mirrors. It is mounting a numbers game like the body count in Vietnam; one that will not merely confuse but embitter matters.

Jerris Leonard, the Justice Department's civil rights chief, disclosed to Sen. Walter Mondale (D, Minn.) last week, how it works. Let's take Charlotte, N.C., for example, where a specific trial is pending. The school district there is 70 percent white and 30 percent black. (A sharper case could be taken further south but never mind.) The local court ordered complete integration. The Appeals Court (4th District) set this aside so far as grammar schools go. Blacks appealed and the Supreme Court has agreed to review the whole thing. It should be a spectacular case for the Burger court.

The Justice Department used to support the blacks in such appeals; now it is arrayed against them. It favors a halfway integration: 24 all-white schools in the suburbs; several half black and white schools nearer town; two all black schools in the center of the city.

According to the Mitchell-Leonard formula this is complete "integration." But as Mondale quietly observed, "I am absolutely confident that to pursue a false, highly structured legal technical basis is the worst of all possible courses."

The fact is, school integration really is making progress in the South (and in the North, too). But as Mr. Nixon said in his elaborate May 21 message, disadvantaged children can learn better if they have an opporunity to go to school with advantaged children. All-black schools won't do. The black community is not going to stop halfway to quality education.

Leonard's testimony became so irritating that suddenly the five TV cameras were swiveling back and forth between him and the committee spectators as at a fast match at Wimbledon. For weeks the committee has been taking testimony of black teachers demoted or fired in the South and of surreptitious property transfers from public schools to segregation academies, and of schools claiming to be "integrated" where blacks and whites sit in separate classes. Leonard had never heard of such things. "We are not crystal-ball gazers," he said primly. Mondale told him he just needed reasonable vision. Leonard – "I think you are suggesting that we should put a federal monitor in every classroom in all those 11 Southern states!" Sen. Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) – "I have seldom seen such hypocrisy." Leonard – "You are suggesting that the Department of Justice extend its tentacles out all over the country encouraging people to complain."

When Mondale repeated some of the evidence of tricks and fraud, Leonard responded – "If those who have spent so many weeks before this committee complaining about the Justice Department would have spent an equal amount of time bringing these matters to our attention some of the things complained of could have been alleviated. We are going to have to have citizen cooperation. Senator, in a democracy like ours, I think that is part of the program. . . ."

That gives you the flavor of it. Is it likely that a man like that is going to eradicate segregation "irritants"?

To ease integration, Mr. Nixon proposed a $1.5 billion fund, of which $150 million will be available in 1970-71 if Congress approves it. The safeguards are woefully inadequate and I believe much of the first installment is going to be misspent. But one place, anyway, it could be used. It could go to rewrite the book *Know Alabama*, now offered in that state as a fourth grade history.

"As you ride up beside the Negroes in the field they stop working long enough to look up, tip their hats and say, 'Good morning, Master John.' You like the friendly way they speak and smile; they show bright rows of white teeth. 'How's it coming, Sam?,' your father asks one of the old Negroes. 'Fine, Marse Tom, jes fine. We got more cotton than we can pick.' Then Sam chuckles to himself and goes back to picking as fast as he can."

Quick, Marse Mitchell, pass the juleps.

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# Muskie's Peace Plan

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Senator Muskie has come a long way on the war, but he had a long way to come. Two years ago, as the amiable Democratic Vice Presidential candidate, he kept to the straight and narrow party line. It was not his business to change it; others plotted the route, organized the march, led it. Mr. Muskie followed. Senators Morse, Gruening, McCarthy, McGovern, Fulbright broke ranks. Not Muskie. Not by wink or nod did he hint any skepticism about our massive military intervention in Asia. Today he is a different man, and his recent article in *The New York Times Magazine* is a powerful indictment of present (and by implication past) policy. Mr. Nixon's planned reductions in troop strength are, he says, "just large enough to maintain the hope of complete withdrawal – and thereby mute domestic opposition to the war – while preserving the military balance and continuing hostilities. No matter what it seems, the net effect of the President's policy is to perpetuate the war." Given this, the chances for productive negotiations are zero; Hanoi will not negotiate "unless it has no other choice and obviously that is not the case now. Moreover, the Saigon leaders, given our assurance that we will remain if there is no settlement, will be in no need to compromise, and without Hanoi and Saigon, after all, there will be no negotiations." Muskie has come to believe that the United States must "develop a fixed timetable for the withdrawal of all its forces from Indochina," that it should "stick to that timetable, subject only to Hanoi's willingness to release all American prisoners of war and to its acceptance of measures to insure the safety of the withdrawing Americans." Not some, not half, but all our forces "should be out of Indochina in the next 18 months [and] we should be prepared to shorten this time if Hanoi agrees to a cease-fire."

The Administration will have none of this. To all such advice it has a standard response: no withdrawal schedule in advance of a negotiated settlement; thus, no negotiated settlement. Nothing moves it; not Secretary of State Rogers' reminder that peace talks have got nowhere in twelve months; not recent reports that the Soviet Union thinks a timetable would "clear the hurdles" for a new Indochina conference attended by Hanoi.

By aligning himself with sponsors of the McGovern-Hatfield resolution, calling for a cutoff of Vietnam funds and a definite

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schedule for pulling out, Senator Muskie stakes out a larger claim to leadership. His contribution to debate in the Senate on that resolution, which is about to begin, will be worth particular attention.

Perhaps in that debate, he can clarify an ambiguous observation that comes near the end of his *New York Times* article, when he offers us the wisp of a hope that the Saigon government can prevail without an American military presence. Look at the two sides: "the total population of South Vietnam and North Vietnam are approximately equal. The total number of South Vietnamese under arms is two or three times greater than the combined strength of the Vietcong and North Vietnamese. The military aid we have given to the South Vietnamese is far more expensive and sophisticated than that supplied to North Vietnam by the Soviet Union and China. The South Vietnamese are fighting at home to defend their families and villages; the enemy soldiers must travel for months over tortuous trails to fight in a strange land. If we withdraw in 18 months, we will have had American soldiers in South Vietnam for seven years, killing the best enemy troops and training South Vietnamese. After all of this, the South Vietnamese should be able to hold their own." He is not predicting they *will*, and perhaps his intent here is ironic. Nevertheless, the recital is misleading and could be dangerous.

First of all, South Vietnam is not a sovereign entity; it is, as LBJ and Dean Rusk never grasped, a terrain over which a civil war is raging. Moreover, regardless of all foreign help, regardless of parity in numbers and superiority in weapons, the South Vietnamese have repeatedly shown themselves *not* capable of holding their own, in any terms, against aggressive, highly motivated Vietnamese opponents. To suggest, even as a hypothesis, that they can do so without US forces, that on their own they can make some kind of settlement, not wholly on Hanoi's terms, is to encourage Mr. Nixon to argue, as he does, that with a mere residual American garrison, and very few casualties, Saigon could do even better. And the President would no doubt add: "Do you really want to see the place go communist because we have scuttled and run – and after 50,000 American dead, over 278,000 wounded, and the $100 billion we have spent? That question sums up Nixon's strength and his critics' weakness. For the honest answer is: No, we don't want Vietnam to go communist, but that may be the consequence, later if not sooner, of our withdrawal; and it is a risk that we must take.

Here is where Senator Claiborne Pell's straight talk is salutary. Pell goes beyond Muskie: "I believe there is only one way to get out of Southeast Asia, and that is to accept the fact that the damage caused by our continued military presence there, to our true national interest and to our economy and social structure, far outweighs any questionable advantages that result to our national interests by maintaining the Thieu-Ky government of South Vietnam, or even of maintaining the division of Vietnam into two countries. When we have accepted that fact, we should firmly carry out the resulting decisions, as best we can, recognizing, as France did in 1954, that the decisions may well result in a unified Vietnam under Hanoi."

Senator Pell, also offers a hope, but of another sort altogether; it is that "a unified Vietnam would serve as a relatively firm barrier to Chinese expansion. Actually, our history has shown that we are better off – and certainly our taxpayers are better off – with neutral countries rather than with vulnerable, mushy allies unable to survive without American assistance." It is true that at the moment, Hanoi leans rather heavily toward China, a leaning which Secretary Rogers, astonishingly, now blames on what he calls our "Cambodian incursion." It is also true, as Senator Pell says, that "we could destroy every young North Vietnamese soldier only to find an inexhaustible supply of manpower in China waiting to be invited to replace them." Yet Hanoi traditionally has sought an independent national role. And if the Russians do get around to promoting a settlement, it will be because they prefer that to a Peking-dominated Vietnam. Do we?

We're at a dead end, facing piecemeal withdrawals, Cambodian civil war, Cambodian troops equipped and trained in Vietnam, Thais hired to fight for us, round-the-clock USAF tactical support of Cambodian forces, and (according to Senator Goldwater) US airmen and ground forces in Laos. What must happen before a handful of senators can convince a majority of their colleagues that the way out of a dead end is to shift into reverse? Until a majority of the Congress faces facts as candidly as Senator Pell has done, representative government is in for a very rough time. For it cannot keep the public's confidence if it endlessly deludes itself, or the public. No representative government inspires trust if it feeds people false hopes, tells them only what it thinks they want or are capable of understanding. The alternatives in Indochina *are* painful; that must be made plain. But none is as painful and injurious as the alternative of protracted US involvement in an Asian land war. We have been stumbling blindly through the jungles for more than five years, led by men who assured us that there was no safer path. We were misled, misused, misinformed – one more year of battle, one more invasion, one more "negotiation" of non-negotiable issues. You *can't* fool all the people all the time; and if you try, you get deepening disillusionment and recriminations.

Senator Muskie's call for total withdrawal is encouraging. Senator Pell's break with wishful thinking is more encouraging; it is a testament to Jefferson's faith: "Give light and the people will find their way."

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# Card-Carrying Reader

Libraries, as repositories of enlightenment and entertainment, were not built to supply Treasury agents with the information they sought when they visited libraries in the Atlanta, Milwaukee and San Francisco areas and asked for names of people who had read Che Guevara and books on bombs. The probe of the revenuers fortunately bombed with the librarians, most of whom told the agents to go to hell or to the courts for subpoenas. The IRS at last word planned to do neither. The courts have been inhospitable to fishing expeditions in such private pools. Thought-crime may be a reality in Orwell's world or the real world of modern police states; there is no basis in our law for the assumption that only homosexuals read books on perversion, as one librarian put it, or that "violent prone communists," to use Martha Mitchell's phrase, read books on munitions – or that if they do, the Treasury has the right to know which ones.

The Internal Revenue Service has tried to foster the notion that IRS was investigating specific individuals and had no intention of harassing innocent readers. Is that so? In Milwaukee, where libraries were persuaded to cooperate, the IRS had a list of "45 or 50" suspects under investigation, according to Harold Serr, director of the IRS Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Division. IRS did not present that list to the libraries and ask whether any of the designated suspects had checked out books on explosives. The agents wanted the names of *everyone* who had read the books in question. Serr frankly admits that the agents hoped to find additional leads. As it turned out, none of the suspects in Milwaukee had checked out questionable books; the names of readers supplied by the libraries were "not helpful." The IRS then said that it "does not look to the libraries as a significant source of continuing information."

The most celebrated earlier case in which the federal government is known to have engaged in "research" of this kind ("The library inquiry technique," explains IRS, "is neither unique nor novel.") was when it checked the New Orleans library to see what Lee Harvey Oswald had been reading. In that instance they knew whom they were after, and why. In the current case the Internal Revenue Service retreated to the explanation that its field agents may have gone beyond their assignments. That, we are asked to believe, is why librarians were asked to respond to such questions from agents as, "Do you mean to tell me that you would allow patrons to use militant and subversive material at this library toward the purpose of overthrowing the government?"

The IRS now promises that although it "has not previously given specific attention to the broad implications of the investigative technique in question," it is willing to do so with the American Library Association and anyone else who's interested. The point of view of the ALA is already known; it opposes divulging what patrons read. Mr. Serr of IRS thinks that if anyone is to blame for infringing on privacy, it is the libraries that cooperated, not the federal agents! "A government investigator, regardless of where he is, is going to go to any sources of information that are open. If I have no trouble going into your bank account, I'm going to go into your bank account, and to your neighbor if your neighbor will talk. If a source of information is available our investigator is going to use it. Otherwise he'll look elsewhere. If the libraries don't want to make information available this is their prerogative. Not everyone we talk to gives us information. It's not a question of our asking; it's a question of whether they tell us."

Perhaps Mr. Nixon's views should be solicited. He's interested in reading. Last March 3 he said: "The basic ability to read is a right that should be denied no one, and the pleasure found in books and libraries should be available to all."

# Narrowed VISTA

Two top VISTA officials sat down recently to brief a visitor on the current direction and policies of the domestic peace corps. "You go first," one said to the other, "Let's see if we agree." Their half-joke reflects the confusion and lack of leadership that is fast condemning Volunteers in Service to America to the Poverty Program dumps.

The pot started boiling in late April, when Office of Economic Opportunity director Donald Rumsfeld announced "new directions" for VISTA; he intended to shift volunteers from "community organization for the sake of community organization" to projects with a specific service. Since VISTA was formed in 1964, volunteers and national staff have seen themselves as catalysts, organizing the poor into self-help organi- from local governments ("maximum feasible participation of the poor," the law calls it). VISTA officials deny that Rumsfeld's pronouncements mean volunteers will no longer use community organization as a tool. All he meant, they say, was volunteers must organize around areas of service (health, education, housing); planning must be tightened, poorly defined and ineffective projects cleaned out, recruitment and placement of volunteers made more efficient. Organizing power blocs to confront the system is out. The emphasis is on "keeping down the noise level." In fact, few VISTA volunteers have helped organize a community

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*without* focusing on some specific issue.

Volunteers have certainly stirred up controversies. They were meant to. It means, as a congressional aide points out, that "the volunteers are beginning to have some impact. It means the folks VISTA is working with are more alive and starting to complain about poverty." Still, staff reports show that VISTA accounts for less than two percent of all unfavorable articles or letters directed against any OEO program.

Since June 1968, VISTA has coasted without a permanent director. Mr. Nixon nominated one man over a year ago but he didn't want the job. Four of the six other administrative posts in Washington are filled by temporary appointees, men who work in limbo, never knowing if they will get the job or the axe. In the ten national OEO regions, only five VISTA directors are secure in their posts; four others are acting, and one region has no director at all. And "there are no guidelines," complains one Washington official, "We don't know what we can do, or what anyone wants us to do. We know only what we *can't* do. Every one is paralyzed, the morale is terrible."

A VISTA volunteer organizing the poor in a rural county in Tennessee reports: "When we started out our emphasis was on community organization. There has been no direct influence from Washington, but now we no longer have its backing. As a result, there is no longer support in the community for our project, and so it has fallen apart."

Despite the alarms, VISTA headquarters hasn't yet done much to change the program. Change won't show until the fall, when new programs and new volunteers are in place. But there has been a substantial drop in the number of volunteers, and more than 100 projects have been dropped since January. Administrators attribute the reductions to ineffective programs being eliminated, volunteers quitting (many in disgust) and consolidation of numerous small projects for better management. The national office has launched a special recruitment drive for older, skilled persons over 50, but officials say they will be lucky to raise the current level of eight percent to more than about twelve or fifteen percent. Recruiters are beginning to hit more colleges off the activist, East-West Coast circuit.

Meanwhile, the volunteers are on the move. They have already held half a dozen dissident conferences, and prompted a flood of letters from congressmen to headquarters. Last week Senators Mondale, Kennedy and Cranston sent a joint letter to Rumsfeld, asking (as an aide paraphrased it) "why the Administration is manhandling VISTA." Nearly a thousand volunteers will fly into Washington next week for the first meeting of the National VISTA Alliance, to lobby Congressmen and to present demands to the Administration. Volunteers operating in Washington out of donated office space are exploring the possibilities of joining the American Federation of Government Employees, a move that would entitle them to collective bargaining rights.

Rumsfeld is forming his own National Advisory Council of volunteers, a board with no powers, but some access to officials. The President (at Rumsfeld's request) hoped to nominate a new director, 24-year-old Richard Blumenthal, formerly on Moynihan's White House staff. A young face with an idea or two behind it would have lifted spirits at the disspirited VISTA. But Blumenthal declined last week. He was doubtful he "could do a good job defending the President's policy."

# Dirksen's Ghost

Not so long ago it seemed that the nation was on the verge of a runaway constitutional convention triggered by the late Senator Everett M. Dirksen (R, Ill.). It had been Dirksen's hope to announce that a 34th state had petitioned Congress for a convention under the never-used portion of the Constitution's amending article, the section that permits two-thirds of the states to demand a convention for the purpose of submitting amendments for state ratification. Dirksen pursued this tactic because he wanted to overturn the Supreme Court's "one man, one vote" decision of 1964. But many feared that with so many Americans telling pollsters they'd cheerfully scrap most of the Bill of Rights, a convention could propose quite a few other amendments and three-fourths of the states might ratify them all. By Dirksen's calculations – they were sharply disputed and nobody could say authoritatively whose figures were correct – he was only one state shy of a convention call when the "do-gooders" began to stem the tide and reverse it.

The crisis has probably passed, though the deviousness of the sneak attack a few years ago counsels continued vigilance. No champion of this dubious cause seems to have replaced the fallen Dirksen. Time has eroded the oldest of the anti-reapportionment resolutions, those that were passed before the late Minority Leader's quiet state-by-state campaign got organized. A federal court in Utah invalidated that state's resolution and then there were 32 instead of 33 petitions. Wyoming's petition became seven years old on March 25 and Washington State's reached that age on April 8, and then there were 30. The Kansas legislature rescinded its resolution in March, so there are 29 viable resolutions by the most generous count.

It's reasonable to celebrate the death of the Wyoming and Washington resolutions, because Dirksen himself allowed that after seven years such a petition hardly represents the current demand of the

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people. A bill offered by Senator Sam J. Ervin (D-N.C.) to regulate the procedure for handling states' applications set a statute of limitations at seven years (many argued for a much shorter period) and three months before his death Dirksen voted for the bill as it cleared Ervin's judiciary subcommittee. It's still on the agenda, but consideration by the full Judiciary Committee is not expected this year. Congress should press to passage this bill or something like it once it is completely clear that the emergency is over. Ground rules could eliminate uncertainty and opportunity for further mischief if so many petitions for a constitutional convention are collected ever again.

# Not Guilty, but . . .

*Eugene, Oregon*

According to our custom, a man accused of a crime is presumed innocent until proven guilty; an unwritten social corollary is that the same man may be presumed guilty after he's judged innocent. John Froines, 29 years old, has this problem.

The University of Oregon chemistry professor, one of the two defendants acquitted in the Chicago Conspiracy trial, has for the past year been on leave of absence without pay. He is now in New Haven, Conn. working on the Black Panther defense committee to free Bobby Seale, charged with murder. He plans to return to his teaching duties this fall, but it will be over the dead bodies of several powerful conservative state legislators. For Froines "has given the state of Oregon a real black eye," says state Rep. Stafford Hansell; and so say Gov. Tom McCall and the state board of education.

What Froines did is public knowledge: he got himself indicted in Chicago. The US government brought him to trial for conspiring to cross state lines to throw a stink bomb at a go-go dancer in a Chicago nightclub. The government couldn't and didn't prove it, but he had associated with such undesirables as Jerry Rubin, Tom Hayden, and Dave Dellinger. Why Froines, out of a possible hundred other radical professors who were in Chicago during the National Democratic Convention, was selected by the Attorney General's office remains a mystery.

During the trial, Froines accumulated four months' worth of contempt of court citations, one of the lowest counts handed out by Judge Julius Hoffman. But since he was acquitted, many legal authorities, including former US Attorney General Ramsey Clark, believe the contempt citations will be reversed.

Before the Conspiracy trial, Froines had been a fund raiser for SNCC and CORE and a member of the steering committee of the New Mobilization. Along with Dr. Allen Steinbach, he founded the Radical Science Information Service in 1968. But he was 2000 miles away during the campus disruptions in Oregon this spring. After the trial, Froines did tour Oregon speaking at universities. He called for shutting them down "until the war in Indochina is ended and Bobby Seale is freed," and to the state legislature that is tantamount to advocating the violent overthrow of the government. Still, no riots followed in Froines' wake.

Although no party machine runs Oregon, a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats controls both houses of the legislature. Committee chairmanships are held by coalition leaders who come from the rural eastern and southern parts of the state. Hansell, who claims to be the biggest hog rancher in these parts, is chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee. House Speaker Robert Smith, who keeps asking why only one student has been expelled from the state's universities in the past five years, is from Burns, a town of less that 1500.

Governor McCall is up for reelection this year and is busily distinguishing himself as a friend of higher education and a foe of anarchy. "John Froines, for the sake of higher education, should not decide to return to the University of Oregon," he says; if Froines were to be kept on, the colleges and universities would lose "millions of dollars." Of no other professor of chemistry could *that* be said.

The University of Oregon president, Robert Clark, doesn't know "how in the world you fight that kind of reasoning." Clark has appointed a commission, whose members remain unknown, to look into the Froines affair. The University of Oregon charter gives the faculty and president authority to decide on cases of alleged faculty misconduct. If Froines is to face dismissal charges, they must be specific. A professor may be dismissed for conviction of a felony, "gross inefficiency" in teaching, or "conduct flagrantly unbecoming of a faculty member." Froines has not been convicted of a felony; no one has questioned his teaching ability; which leaves only the ambiguous standard of flagrantly unbecoming conduct.

Should the Clark commission decide to bring charges of unbecoming conduct against Froines, his case will be heard by a standing committee of the university faculty. If it finds no reason to press charges, the whole question would be dropped – would be if the administrative code of the state Board of Higher Education hadn't just been amended.

Just after Clark set up his commission, the Board decided to "provide procedures for the board to assume jurisdiction in certain exceptional cases related to dismissal charges under the general standard of 'conduct unbecoming of a faculty member'." But, said Clark, this gives the board "original jurisdiction"; it "changes

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the role of the State Board from a judicial function to a political function. Almost always the exceptional case is the political one, and these require careful review."

No, replied Gov. McCall, "I don't think that's quite accurate. What it does, it seems to me, is to emphasize 'appellate jurisdiction.' It should only be resorted to when the regular on-campus mechanism fails to handle mistakes"; the board is not dealing with questions of crime and punishment, or of academic freedom, but only determining "whether an employer-employee relationship should be continued when an employee engages in conduct flagrantly contrary to the interest of his employer."

Last year, McCall pushed a security measure through the state legislature "to help me when they start to burn the buildings down." Authorizing the governor to call in the National Guard when campus disruptions break out, the law was superfluous; he already had that power. But the solemnity of his rhetoric convinced his constituents the bill was a necessary "shield against campus anarchy."

Now, a year later, to insure his reelection and that of his legislative supporters, McCall needs another bit of drama. He can't trust the university to help further his political career; he needs to guarantee the State Board's legitimacy in assuming jurisdiction in "exceptional cases" of faculty conduct. The procedures call for a preliminary hearing on the university level to investigate charges. But whatever is decided in that inquiry, the State Board now can review the decision of the investigative commission, and reverse it. Then it can judge the professor in question and terminate his contract, without a hearing by the university faculty.

Froines, on the other side of the country, had not heard of Clark's commission until he was reached by a state newspaper for comment. Over a month after it was appointed, the commission had yet to contact him. "I read an editorial in the *Oregonian* just after the trial," Froines says, "and it referred to me as *former* University of Oregon chemistry professor John Froines. So maybe people thought I had quit or already been dismissed. My politics are the main part of the issue. They seem to be saying, 'Sure, Froines can come back, as long as he keeps his mouth shut.' But I'm a political person. Simply because the Conspiracy trial is over doesn't mean I am going to quit politics." The question he raises is not merely one of academic freedom or "conduct flagrantly unbecoming of a faculty member," it is the larger one of whether a university can accommodate a faculty member who is both the university's servant and society's social critic, and whose analysis is revolutionary.

**Gilbert Johnson**

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## The Nixon Watch

# Agnew and Red Meat

In and about the White House these days, the inquirer finds cautious agreement with the proposition that Vice President Spiro T. Agnew has been persuaded to moderate his line of talk and generally to change his public performance for the better. This is a very sensitive subject, one that is discussed with the greatest care by the President's and the Vice President's assistants. They say that the President has not told his Vice President to change in any way and that neither of the only two Nixon assistants, John D. Ehrlichman and H. R. Haldeman, who might speak for the President to the Vice President in such a matter, has told him to, either. It is still said, as it has been ever since the Administration took office, that Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew seldom have or make occasion for private discussion of this or any other subject. They rarely meet, except at formal Cabinet and similar gatherings, and such talk as they have with each other is mostly by telephone. So far as anyone at the White House or in the Agnew premises across the way in the Executive Office Building admits or seems to know, Mr. Nixon has not restated to the Vice President in person the rule that the President publicly recommended to "all of the members of this Administration" at his press conference on May 8: "When the action is hot, keep the rhetoric cool."

There has been some change in the Agnew performance since then, but not nearly as much as I thought there had been when I began asking about it at the White House. All that it amounts to is the recent omission from Mr. Agnew's formal speeches of references to "effete snobs," "rotten apples," "criminal activists," "hard-core dissidents" and the like in terms that invite students, restive blacks, antiwar protesters and the myriad others who question this or that Nixon attitude and policy to assume that the Vice President is indicting all of them. It reflects no change at all in Mr. Agnew himself and in his conception of what a Vice President of the United States may responsibly and usefully say. He has taken a little more care with the way he says it, but in his less formal utterances he gives evidence that both the omissions and the newly discreet elisions of the same old points may be transitory. Yet the change, small and illusory though it has been, is considered at the White House to be significant, and a study of the factors that have brought it about reveals a good deal about the Vice President and about the Nixon-Agnew relationship.

The pressures upon Agnew that have led to his current show of moderation predate the Nixon establishment's concern with the appearance it was giving of crass indifference to the dissents and divisions that

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trouble the country. A quite different kind of concern developed in the vicinity of Mr. Nixon's Oval Office early this year. The concern was neither with what Agnew was saying nor with its corrosive and divisive effects upon the public and the country as such. It was with the impression, then close to becoming a fact, that Spiro T. Agnew rather than Richard Nixon was beginning to personify the Nixon Administration and to preempt, in the public mind, the President's right and duty to declare and expound the Nixon position on major issues. The Nixon assistants who felt this concern had or at least disclosed to their associates no thought that Agnew might actually be positioning himself to compete with the President for the 1972 nomination. They did note, without pleasure, the growing assumption among Republican politicians in the South and elsewhere that Spiro Agnew had suddenly become so popular with his and Mr. Nixon's Middle America that the President already had no choice but to keep him on the 1972 ticket. But the conscious and expressed concern had to do only with the Administration identity.

An episode in the weeks preceding Mr. Nixon's March 24 statement of his school desegregation policy illustrates the nature and gravity of the concern. That statement was first conceived and drafted as a speech to be delivered by the Vice President in Atlanta. The central issues that it involved, basically whether to commit the Administration to a final drive for adequate integration in the South or – as was proposed in one of the drafts – to question whether the pains of integration were worth the social and political cost, were hotly argued within the Nixon staff. But they were overshadowed in the preliminary stage by the question, also seriously debated, of whether Agnew or Nixon should deliver so important a policy statement. The decision was that Nixon should deliver it, the Agnew speech was scrapped, and one of the reasons was that the originally intended course would have further enhanced the Vice President's disturbingly formidable stature.

Recent happenings suggest a mutual desire to promote an appearance of both personal and philosophical separateness. Mr. Nixon must have known that the Agnew rhetoric would come to mind when he spoke of "the generation gap" to 14,000 Jaycees and their wives in St. Louis and said to them: "I charge you, I urge you, to do everything you can, not to make the gap bigger, not to set up a hostile confrontation, but to give to young people the understanding of our system that they need." When the Nixon party arrived in California for the latest stay at the Western White House, a pool reporter representing the entire press misunderstood the President to say in the Agnew manner that Washington journalists "talk to each other" and fall into a "sort of intellectual incest." After a tape recording established that Mr. Nixon had actually said that "we" in Washington, himself included, suffer from "intellectual incest" and ought to get around the country, his press assistants frantically corrected the mistaken report and said they wanted to make certain that "an Agnew type of remark" was not attributed to the President. Soon after Agnew called upon a young and rather crudely outspoken black appointee to the Nixon commission on campus disorders to resign, the President's new Counsellor, Robert Finch, and the commission chairman, former Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, marched straight from a talk with Mr. Nixon to the White House press room in Washington and assured reporters that the President was satisfied with the appointment.

The Vice President's former chief assistant, C. Stanley Blair, who has resigned and is running for election to Agnew's old job as Governor of Maryland, regularly attended the senior staff meetings that begin each working day at the White House. Blair's successor, Arthur Sommer, attends only by invitation and is seldom invited. The Agnew press spokesman, Herbert Thompson, was originally on the staff of the President's Director of Communications, Herbert Klein. Thompson has been removed from the Klein staff and now reports only to Agnew. The Vice President has diminished his dependence upon the Nixon staff of speech writers by hiring a writer of his own and shifting Thompson from press relations to speech drafting. Some of Thompson's press duties are being assumed by Roy Goodearle, a former advance man who was transferred from the Nixon staff to the Agnew staff during the 1968 campaign. Whether Goodearle is Agnew's man or Nixon's man on the Agnew staff may be a moot point with White House reporters. In Jules Witcover's account of the 1968 campaign, *The Resurrection of Richard Nixon*, Goodearle is quoted as saying at a staff celebration after the Nixon victory, "Why don't we all get a member of the press and beat them up? I'm tired of being nice to them."

Agnew's share in the White House awakening and widened contact that followed the antiwar rally in Washington on May 9 and the student killings at Kent State University affected him as it affected everyone around Nixon. At a session in his office with Walter Heller and 10 other senior professors from the University of Minnesota, he listened with attentive respect to their protestations that his invective, the total image that he had been casting, had materially contributed to the deep, growing, and dangerous alienation of students and academics who by no stretch of reason could fairly be numbered with the President's "campus bums" and Agnew's "criminal activists." He pleaded that he had been misrepresented and misunderstood, that he had never intended to be divisive in the way

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they said he had been, and he acknowledged that he perhaps had a duty to speak so that he would not be misunderstood. His staff later sent each of the professors the texts of 15 of his speeches, including four or five of the famously abrasive gems. Agnew was immensely pleased by a return letter from one of the Minnesota callers who conceded that the whole of what he had said was less offensive than the reported excerpts had been. The subsequent care with his language has not applied to the printed press and to such public figures as Senator Fulbright, former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, and retired Ambassador Averell Harriman. Some of his attacks have been as vicious, as twisted in fact and innuendo, as ever. But the victims are fair game, in a sense that the dissenting young and black and poor are not, and if the Vice President were judged only by the speeches he has delivered since early June he might be said to have undergone a constructive though modest change.

But Agnew denies himself that basis for judgment with his penchant for talking at length about himself, preferably on television. Then he documents characteristics that may be only deduced from his speeches. For all of his claims to respect the right of dissent, he is offended by any criticism of or attack upon established authority, particularly if it is the President's authority. He rejects the notion, if it ever occurred to him, that a Vice President's "right" of free speech may be inhibited by his position in ways that a critical professor's or commentator's right is not inhibited. He hungers for publicity, says whatever he has to say to get it, ignores the possibility that a silent and unnoticed Vice President may at times be more useful than a vocal and publicized Vice President. Complaining that his "bland" speeches were poorly reported, he told a BBC interviewer: "So, in a desire to be heard, I have to throw them what people in American politics call a little red meat once in a while, and hope that in spite of the damaging context in which those remarks are often repeated, that other things that I think are very important will also appear." The same interviewer asked him about his notorious statement that some Americans should be separated "from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples." Agnew answered: "There are people in our society who should be separated and discarded . . . We're always going to have a certain number of people in our community who have no desire to achieve, who have no desire to even fit in in an amicable way with the rest of society; and these people should be separated from the community. Not in a callous way, but they should be separated as far as any idea that their opinion shall have any effect on the course we follow."

There spoke a Vice President who, thanks to Richard Nixon, could be and, to say the very least, would not mind being the next President of the United States.

**John Osborne**

# The Firing and Hiring of Fredy Jones

## by Rachel Scott

*"I dreamed that I had died and gone to my reward, / a job in heaven's textile plant on a golden boulevard,*
*the mill was made of marble, the machines were made of gold, / nobody ever got tired, and nobody ever grew old."*

JOE GLAZER—Song for the Workers

*Mebane, N.C.*

When the Textile Workers Union of America began an organizing drive in this Piedmont mill town last February, things were going well for Fredy Jones. Only 21 years old, he was earning $104 a week, top pay at Universal Textured Yarns, and he was up for a promotion. A personable black man with a wife and two children, Jones was well liked by both workers and management. Mill officials described him as "intelligent" and "good around machines." One plant executive in particular seemed to have his eye on Jones for a better job. "He talked a lot about Fredy," one of Jones' co-workers remembers. "He said Fredy was coming up to be a supervisor next." In March, Jones decided to join the union. A few

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days later he was seen passing out union literature outside the plant. The next day he was fired. Company officials said Jones was discharged because he spun his tires in the mill parking lot on his way home.

Jones had no idea how much more he would give up when he joined the union. Although jobs are plentiful around Mebane, Jones found that when he applied at local mills the answer was always the same: "We'll call you." They never did.

Soon after Jones was fired, his wife took sick leave from her mill job on doctor's orders, leaving the family of four without income. Unemployment compensation of $50 a week met the house trailer and car payments. The other bills "just stood still." "It was hard making ends meet on $400 a month," Jones says. "You can imagine what it's like on $200."

In May, still seeking work, Jones applied at a mill in nearby Hillsboro on a tip from a friend, Jerrald McClendis, who works for Hillsboro Textiles. McClendis' supervisor had told him the mill needed workers on the night shift. "I told him I knew a boy who needed a job, so he said to bring him on down here," McClendis recalls. So Jones, accompanied by his friend, drove to Hillsboro and filled out an application the same day. But the mill officials told him they had no openings. "I went around back and talked to my supervisor," McClendis says. "He told me they couldn't use him because they didn't want a union down there." Company officials say they have no record of Jones ever applying. They say they recall his visiting the plant, but deny he was turned down because of his union activities.

If Fredy Jones still had any doubts that he was the victim of the dishonored and supposedly long-abandoned practice of "blacklisting" they were soon resolved. He and a group of union members were approached by Robert Simmons, a supervisor from Universal Textured Yarns, at a local restaurant. Simmons warned the workers their union activities had gotten them in serious trouble. Several of them had already lost their jobs. "Wait till you go to get a job," Jones remembers Simmons saying. "You'll find out how rough it is. Ask Fredy."

Although Simmons and other company officials refuse to talk to reporters about labor issues, a former textile executive from another mill town is more cooperative. "Blacklisting is a very common practice," he says, speaking not for attribution. The practice is usually an informal unwritten agreement, but he says he actually saw a list containing names of all workers in his area suspected of union activity a few years ago. "Some of them never got jobs in this area again," he says. "They had to move away." Legal relief is almost nonexistent. "Blacklisting is patently illegal," says Frank Malone, regional attorney for the National Labor Relations Board in Winston-Salem. "But it's almost never done in a way that we can detect it."

What happened to Fredy Jones and a number of his coworkers in Mebane this spring was an echo of union battles fought and ended in the North more than a quarter of a century ago. Such skirmishes, complete with the rough-and-tumble company tactics associated with that bygone era, still rage in the impoverished and forgotten mill towns of North Carolina's Piedmont region. And so far, despite federal strictures prohibiting retaliation against workers for union activity, the giant textile companies appear to be winning handily.

Although the Southern mill town as once known is disappearing with industrial growth and worker mobility, the old company-town attitudes and practices persist. Instead of separate mill baronies – whole towns owned and run by the mill – today's mills form a kind of network of company regions. Frustrated union organizers call it "the Southern conspiracy."

Statistics show how little has changed for mill workers in this state, long considered the most progressive in the South. Although North Carolina is first in textile production it is fiftieth in union organization. It is eleventh in the nation in total manufacturing production but forty-ninth in manufacturing wages. Wages for the state's 340,000 textile and apparel workers average $90 a week, far below the national $129.51 in 1969 for all manufacturing workers.

It all began more than a century ago in "homegrown" mills controlled by old-line Piedmont families – the Haneses, the Cannons, the Chathams and the Moreheads. When the Northern textile companies later moved south to take advantage of the low taxes, inexpensive land and cheap Southern labor, they carried on the economical Southern traditions. "The general theory, you see," wrote Sinclair Lewis in a 1929 series on mill life in Marion, N.C., "is that the mill companies, in bringing down this 'cheap and contented labor' from the mountains, are giving the barbaric mountain horde a splendid leg-up on the way to general American prosperity." The conventional wisdom spouted in mill towns today follows the same line. "We don't have labor unions here and we're glad," says Leigh Rodenbaugh, a young Madison, N.C. lawyer. "Some people think unions are driving mills out of the North. We're glad to get them. We're glad to have our folks employed."

Most of the state's 1200 textile plants are located in rural Piedmont or mountain towns, where the main assets for attracting industry are, as in 1929, cheap labor, low taxes and cheap land. Such towns resist changes – especially unions and new higher paying

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RACHEL SCOTT, *who works in the Washington bureau of Pacifica Radio, wrote this article under a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

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industry – which threaten to destroy those assets.

Hostility to new industry is so strong that the governor's office, concerned that anti-industry attitudes are scaring away prospective high wage industry and hurting the state's economy, ordered an investigation. Roy Sowers, state director of conservation and development, says his investigators found pockets of anti-industry attitudes throughout the state, "not at the home office level as much as in the individual towns at the plant management level." The local executives sometimes had to go to extremes to protect their bargain-basement labor supply. Sowers says that when the representative of a potential new industry comes to town the "so-called industrial development group," controlled by local company officials, will publicly "make a big deal – take the man to dinner," but privately give him discouraging reports. In some towns he said the investigators found "drastic situations" where companies banded together to prevent local newspapers from running help wanted ads from other sections of the state.

Mebane's industrial committee, the Mebane Industrial Expansion Committee, run by local businessmen, is such a group. The committee's emphasis is toward attracting cheap-labor industries, as their industrial brochure shows: "The amicable relationship between employers and employees in the state of North Carolina is demonstrated by the fact that only eight percent of the industrial employees in the state have felt it necessary to belong to a labor union. There are no labor unions in Mebane."

Once the community has snared a good low-wage industry, the town leaders feel obliged to rally around the company when it is in trouble. When Universal Textured Yarns was caught last summer tapping the underground fire-protection water line for free water, the town leaders pooh-poohed it as the sort of mistake anybody might make. "I think it was inadvertently," said Mayor Jack Phelps, also a member of the industrial committee. "I just don't want to think that a firm the size of Universal Textured Yarns would stoop to that sort of thing." He said the water department discovered the tap when they noticed what at first seemed to be a major leak.

The committee's influence extends into the editorial policies of the press, as Andy Mann, 24, editor of the local newspaper, found out. The son of mill workers, Mann worked in a mill himself for two years. "Then one day," he said, "I looked around and realized that the kid next to me was 16 and the guy next to him was 60 and there wasn't a nickel of difference in their wages. I got out." Mann left the area and worked on a small Pennsylvania paper, then returned several years later to edit the weekly Mebane *Enterprise-Journal*. He wanted to make the paper into a strong community voice for change. "I don't know where I would look other than possibly the grape arbors of California for worse degradation of the human condition," he said.

Fearing his outspoken views would cost him his job, he proceeded cautiously at first. "Someone told me when I first came here that if I wanted to get fired to just stand outside the mill and whisper union," he said. He cut his hair short and wore pin-striped shirts and a tie. For a month he ignored the union campaign. In April, however, aroused by the more than 20 firings at Universal, he wrote a nine-column story on the union battle and an editorial comparing Universal to "Big Brother" in *1984*.

W. R. Hupman, chairman of the industrial committee and president of the Mebane Home Telephone Company, said he was "stunned and dismayed." "I couldn't believe it and have just read again both the 'news' story and the editorial to be sure I was not having a nightmare," he wrote in a letter to the editor. Hupman and Ned Gauldin, manager of the Mebane branch of the First Union National Bank, visited publisher Bill Hinton, to complain. Hinton at first was not disturbed. He said soon after the visit, "Andy can print everything he pleases. If we stop printing the news then we just become a puppet with somebody else pulling the strings." Sales zoomed that week. The downtown paper racks, seldom depleted during a normal week, were sold out and restocked three times.

A week later at least six Mebane businesses, including the paper's two largest accounts, stopped advertising in the *Enterprise-Journal*. The economic pressure was too much for Hinton and Mann was fired. Mann says Hinton told him, "They do run the town. They do control the newspaper. If they said black is red, in a few days we'd come out that black is red." Hinton later denied making the statement.

The new editor checked with the mill before he printed his first editorial. "To this community Universal is a giant," he wrote. "It is a giant not only in size but also in community projects and support." The advertisers returned.

Local businesses were not the mill's only supporters. The Textile Workers met at a county school building leased to the black Alamance County Community Action Program and had planned to hold others there until school officials received a complaint from

**COMING:** What really happened in the C-5 affair? an investigative report by James G. Phillips

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a Mebane citizen. The school officials reminded ALCAP that their lease was up for renewal and further meetings were cancelled.

Universal is a new company, two-and-a-half years old, but already a leader in the industry's fastest growing branch – textured yarn. The company produces an impressive ten percent of all American textured yarn – which is used in knitwear products – says G. Allen Mebane, president. This spring the company began construction of a second plant in Boonville, N.C., where, says Mebane, "the labor climate is good." James McCormick and Mebane, who describes himself as "just a country boy who knows how to make yarn," are sole owners of the company.

Mill owners like to believe they are close to the workers. Gordon Hanes, chairman of the board of the Hanes Corporation in Winston-Salem writes frequent "Dear Folks" letters to the mill hands. As mill management sees it, the trouble with unions is that they sever the close ties between the management and the worker. "The unions try to set it up like it is in the North," says one observer with the management viewpoint. "In the North the loyalty is to the union. In the South there is this team-type of feeling between the workers and management."

Close bonds notwithstanding, it is common practice in Southern mills for company officials to intimidate workers, telling them, as they did at one mill recently, that the company will "starve its employees to death before it will let a union in." That's not only unfit for a "Dear Folks" letter, it's a blatant violation of the National Labor Relations Act. Labor Board lawyers say that most Southern companies prefer to violate the act and pay the penalties – which are light – rather than let the union win an election. At least one worker at Universal reports she was threatened. She says her supervisor "told me not to mess with that union because Universal wasn't going to have no union and if they did they would close the plant down."

One chilly night in April a dozen union supporters stood near the entrance to the modern $6 million plant distributing leaflets to workers arriving for the midnight shift. Although half of the mill's 500 workers had signed union authorization cards they were confronted that night with such an amazing sight that few stopped to accept the leaflet. As they approached the mill, the workers had to pass sheriff patrol cars with flashing blue lights, the company security guard, a line of mill bosses standing near the gate and a deputy sheriff waving them on through with a red flashlight.

The union moved to an intersection several blocks from the plant and the distribution improved.

By the end of May the union had lost the support it needed to win an election and had given up hope of winning it back. It had lost – through firings – almost every member of the in-plant organizing committee. "You don't keep people when the company acts like Universal," said Scott Hoyman, Southern regional director for the TWUA in Charlotte. "I think a lot of people are afraid now – the card signing has come to a screeching halt, which is almost inevitable when you have so many discharges." The union filed charges with the Labor Board for 23 workers, fired during the campaign, an unusually large number even for a Southern campaign.

Contrary to local company opinion in Mebane about the "amicable relationship between employers and employees," workers at Universal had complaints which they hoped a union could remedy: an average $2.00 an hour wage (27 cents cents below the state textile average), race discrimination in work assignments and in promotions, and sometimes harsh treatment from the mill bosses. Soon after the union campaign began, three black women workers in the 50 percent black mill were fired for refusing to unload 110 pound boxes from trucks, in addition to their regular work as creelers, or machine tenders.

One of the three, Mrs. Agnes Mitchell, says the women were forced to lift the boxes of yarn for two weeks, although on other shifts service boys did the lifting for the women workers. When she complained, Mrs. Mitchell says, she was given 17 machines to tend, two more than her regular work load. She says the women balked at that and were fired. Like Fredy Jones, Mrs. Mitchell found that new jobs are hard to get for workers who challenge the mill's control. Older North Carolina mill workers have learned from a lifetime of union battles to respect and fear the power of the mill. While they are sympathetic to unions, they are pragmatic. As Joel Throckmorton, a retired Washington Mills worker from Mayodan, N.C. put it, "I didn't think too much about it, because I knew they wouldn't get it here. You can't go after a company like that. They got too much money."

The younger workers – more optimistic – are learning for themselves not to tangle with the mill unless they are prepared to risk their jobs, their half-paid-for cars and houses and, too often, also their spirit to resist.

On May 12 Fredy Jones found a mill job in another town. He believes the mill hired him because he didn't mention his employment at Universal on his application. He earns $1.65 an hour, or $66 a week, two-thirds of his former salary. Jones was at work and his wife was home feeding the children when a reporter stopped by their three-room trailer in June. From the beginning of the campaign Mrs. Jones was one of the union's strongest advocates. But the 20-year-old mother is no longer much interested in the union's progress. "Fredy's got a job now," she said. "That's all that matters."

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# Stanley Kauffmann on theater

## Boesman and Lena

(Circles in the Square)

A ragged colored man with a huge bundle on his back appears on top of a rocky knoll and throws a big hunk of galvanized tin down to the ground. That is the first sound and, as it turns out, the perfect opening note. The man comes down, followed by a little brown woman, also burdened. They are carrying all their possessions. Here, on the mud flat before us, they build a small shack, cook a meal, and bare their lives. An old black man comes out of the dark to their fire, and dies beside it. The pair take up their burdens again and move on, continuing their lives. That is the whole play – the whole beautiful, shaking, unforgettable play.

*Boesman and Lena* is the third work by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard to be produced in this country: the previous ones were *Blood Knot* (1964) and *Hello and Goodbye* (*NR*, Oct. 11, 1969). Fugard is white and, as writer and director, has devoted himself to theater with "non-Europeans" in his country. Two-and-a-half weeks before this latest play opened in New York, his government refused him a passport to come here for the production. This action caused an outcry in the press, including a *New York Times* editorial, and I mention it at once because, though the refusal was characteristically hateful of that government and the outcry deserved, it tends to distort the quality of *Boesman and Lena*. This is not a protest play, though the pain of race hatred flames through it; it becomes, quickly and surely, a drama of all human beings in their differing captivities, suffering from and inflicting hate. Boesman and Lena are brown, the old Kaffir man is black, and the specifics of their wretched lives are caused by the history and policies of their country; but Fugard makes very clear that, within the circumference of their lives, they represent the larger world. He is not saying – not by the wildest stretch of self-coddling imagination – that racial injustices do not signify; he is saying that those injustices are an extremity of the cruelty in all men. The reason that his play achieves towering height – as in the main it does – is because it *includes* the agony of *apartheid* and shows that *apartheid* is not devil-inflicted but man-made, and that Boesman is a man, too.

Fugard works with small means: his previous plays had two characters each, this one has three. The influence of Eugene O'Neill has always seemed strong in him, particularly in *Hello and Goodbye*, which dealt with some rather egregious symbols of a (white) family's doom. O'Neill's influence seems strong again here – but here it is the later, greater O'Neill, not the patent symbolist. What is this play but another long day's journey into a very dark night? And the quintessential dynamics is like that in late O'Neill: drama not by the encounter of obstacle but by the stripping naked of lives. This "moment" of two hours is an ontogeny that recounts our phylogeny: because Fugard has seen that, by telling crystalline truth about these wretches, with no clutter of theatrical device, he could not possibly leave us out. He has embraced these people so fiercely and lovingly that in their rags and drunkenness and cunning and persistence, they move through a small epic of contemporary man. I can think of no naturalistic play since *The Lower Depths* that – far from using its subject for clinical study – so completely converts almost protozoan characters into vicars for us all.

And this is the only production I can recall in which the ground is important. The Circle in the Square is a theater-in-the-round, so all the spectators can see the floor; in addition to the rocky outcropping at one end, Karl Eigsti's setting provides a ground, the dry cracked mud flat of the river Swartkaps. On this mud, out of which we all come, Boesman and Lena make their camp. They were evicted from their last shack that morning by the white man's bulldozer. They have been tramping the road so long together that they have had a number of stillborn babies (one child lived six months) and reckon their lives in terms of the towns they have passed through.

Their campfire attracts an old black man out there on the mud flats. Lena welcomes him, but Boesman's first word to him is "Nigger"! When Lena says that things are hard for "us brown people," Boesman says, "He's not brown people, he's black people." Lena replies, "They've got feelings, too."

*They've got feelings, too.* This act of pity – from a homeless brown woman, who happens to have some white blood, toward a Kaffir who is all black – alters the whole scale of the play.

The old man speaks a language they cannot understand and speaks little of it, but he learns Lena's name. He sits in his ragged greatcoat, still, unsurprisable, a seer living in his fate; and Lena gives Boesman her bottle of wine, out of their store of two bottles, to persuade him to let the old man stay. In the course of the long night – the quarrels, songs, near-splitups of the two – the old man sits quiet; and finally Lena, huddled with him under a blanket by the fire, tells Boesman that the old man is dead. Just died, that's all. Boesman usually takes out his fury on Lena; now he beats the dead old man for the nuisance he has caused. They must move on before the death is discovered. They scrape together their pots and blankets, and leave – leaving the old man even quieter now in the mud.

In this frame we get a brute-strong, childish, frightened, frustrated, angry man; a beaten, wise, loving, courageous woman. The play's epic quality derives from the wide and simple arch of its compass: shelter, food, fire, children, quarrels, dependence, ego needs, death, endless pilgrimage. The rubbish that this pair gather and carry is the detritus of experience. It has its factual meaning – "We wear the white man's rubbish," says Boesman, "we eat it, we live in it" – and it also tells us that *they* are the white man's rubbish, trapped in the excremental vision of dark skins that psychologists have lately suggested is the root of prejudice. All true, but, in this drama, not limited: Fugard has struck so deep that his epic moves past indictment of oppressors to anguish for us all.

The language sometimes verges on the literary. For instance, I wish the word "freedom" had never been used – the concept was implicit – but there is a section in the middle that works ironies on "freedom." Most of the dialogue, however, belongs to Boesman and Lena, rarefied only enough to make them characters instead of case histories. "It's

*(Continued on page 25)*

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# Reed Whittemore: From "Howl" to OM

## Indian Journals by Allen Ginsberg

(Dave Haselwood Books, City Lights Books; $6.50)

Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" was based on the extraordinary premise that it described the "best minds" of Ginsberg's generation. (To qualify as a best mind one had to be on drugs, on the road and a Ginsberg acquaintance.) Also it had extraordinary sales, probably attributable to its pornography. Yet it was a strong poem, a poem of great energy; it had a way of gobbling up complaints about it. Within a few years of its publication (1956) it had joined a small number of earth-moving angry poems of this century, poems that poets (and people) who come after have been unable to ignore.

Because of "Howl," poets writing in the sixties became ill-at-ease manufacturing their tried-and-true delicate nuances. Fashion decreed that they howl instead. Ginsberg's poem had the effect of a sort of natural disaster. The country deserved it – and poetry deserved it – but it was a disaster nonetheless, one that left us in a state of poetic emergency. Rightly or wrongly, "Howl" knocked hell out of earlier images of what best minds say and do. Not only was it descriptive of a vast social-spiritual death, but it provided a villainous cause, the god Moloch who in the poem is simply the System. Not since the thirties had the System had such an inclusive raking over – in fact, "Howl" singlehandedly did much to restore the thirties vogue of super-colossal system-damnation we are still suffering from, and it did so without providing a Marxist antidote. It was what D. H. Lawrence would perhaps have called a death-energy poem.

Having dropped his bomb, Ginsberg looked around for a next step – and that of course was to rehabilitate us. Any powers effectively restorative of the blasted American landscape would obviously have to come from outside the country; and so, with the remarkable timing that has marked his career Ginsberg went thoroughly Eastern. His *Indian Journals* (March 1962-May 1963) describe in prose and verse his heavily hallucinatory (morphine) daily experiences in India where, with Peter Orlovsky, he scouted out nirvana and suchlike for us: "heaven: a place beyond shit and desire."

My impression is that he didn't find it (heaven), nor did he escape "clinging to my human known me, Allen Ginsberg." He also failed – if the Journals are evidence – to get very close to India. He describes encounters with a variety of holy men – and provides us with a few snapshots of them—but the encounters are tourist-like in their brevity and incompleteness. The significant life of the book is (1) the inner life of the poet reflecting on poetry, America, death, love, personality; (2) the private life of the poet in a room with Orlovsky; and (3) the life of the astonished alien observer seeing for the first time India's squalor and grandeur. The squalor he is good on; it offends him far less than American tawdriness; he displays no middle-class goose pimples about dirt and starvation, and he has an understandable obsession for the constant proximity of death in India – the skeletons living and the corpses burning:

> boy chased three cows out of the rectangle garden of fire – they were eating up a corpse litter prematurely – or horsing around in the way – the nearby corpse masked in white shroud lay back in the flames & turned black, knees hanging down, the veil burning away and one ear sticking too far out . . .

On the grandeur, particularly at the

## *Antithesis*

Dawdling into glory;
or with hammer-strokes.
Our friends have taken both ways.
I'll put the first way first.

Mooning wishers,
unable to make up our mind like a practical man
about *anything*.
The first time I saw Wystan Auden his socks didn't match.

Only – the other path – we are *hard-headed*.
Victor Hugo (not one of my favourite authors,
except for, in *Les Orientales*, "Les Djinns")
wrote down each night to the end of his passionate life
the exact sums he paid Joséphine & Héloise.

So: we moon; we tough.
Nobody can make head or tail of us.
Plato threw us *out*.
Freud threw out a hint about Leonardo . . .

International art: . . . I feel *friendly* to the idea
but skeptical.
I live at 33 Arthur Ave. S.E.
& mostly write from here.

My rocking-chair is dark blue, it's in one corner
& swivels, as my thought drifts.
My wife's more expensive patchquilt rocker
is five feet away & does not swivel.

John Berryman

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Taj Mahal, he is weaker; he is driven to tears and exclamation points like Richard Halliburton himself: "O Spoken with Stone! O Socialist Architecture!" Indeed? But whether meditating, making love or touring the streets and temples, he emerges forever as A. G. from Paterson, N.J. – *not* made over by drugs or by the cultural distancing.

I must confess to what must by now be obvious, a passionate disapproval of all the sudden easy Easternness that descended on the American sensibility in the sixties. To me it was, and still is, a screaming defeat for the whole revisionary machine of youth; and so I naturally look on Ginsberg as a wicked pied piper. My "error" here, however, has not been, I believe, in failing to respect Eastern thought as she is thought in a loin cloth under the Howrah Bridge in Calcutta, but in failing to respect it in young middle-class Americans, to whom a guru is like a new exotic flavor at Howard Johnson's.

For the devotee the fascination of the *Indian Journals* will presumably be in seeing where and how the saint who brought OM to Chicago had his basic – i.e., oriental – training. For me, the non-believer, the fascination is mostly less pleasant; it is the fascination of seeing close-up the kind of cheaply acquired religious experience – hop the plane, get the drugs – that has come to take hold of so many so fast in the last few years. For me this second stage in the Ginsberg saga has been even more calamitous than the "Howl" stage. The first had the genuineness of anger and despair about it – it was home grown and home felt – but the second has been clouded by great expectations, expectations that Ginsberg himself sometimes manages to temper with solid observations and with his striking death-obsession, but that his devotees infallibly leave raw: nirvana in the pad, nightly, forever. There is terror for me in their misconceptions of what inner fantasy-life can make of the stony world; and Ginsberg is one of the breeders of that terror. Saintly he may indeed be as a private sinner – I do not question his private credentials – but he has also been a most influential loudmouth, an eccentric evangelist for an apocalyptic faith (and aesthetic) that has in my opinion competed pretty well with Moloch in mind-destroying. In various parts of *Indian Journals* he runs down the apocalyptic most effectively:

> "Skin is sufficient to be skin, that's all it ever could be, tho screams of pain in the kidney make it sick of itself . . ."

Yet the fantasy-Ginsberg is what the destroyed ones pick up.

As an addendum I should note that Allen Ginsberg has written an introduction to a newly published volume of verse, *Morning in Spring*, by his father, Louis Ginsberg (Morrow, $1.95). in which A. G. prophesies, ambiguously, the country's return to his father's kind of verse. Beyond OM?! The father is an excellent craftsman in a mode that (I say without malice) Ezra Pound might have described as popular magazine verse fifty years ago, largely because it displays occasional inversions and tum-te-tum, and speaks abstractly without guile about life in general, like Arthur Hugh Clough or, later, Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Allen Ginsberg has never been strong on Pound's precepts either, though a praiser of Pound. His new prophecy is hard to believe, but yes, it *would* be grand to go beyond OM, almost anywhere.

Christmas Cards and Gifts

The Museum's 100th anniversary catalogue of Christmas cards and presents – rare American blown glass, sculpture, ancient jewelry in gold and silver, and for the first time a selection of rings; books and prints, and the magnificent 1971 Engagement Calendar, "Flowers for All Seasons". ☆ New designs for the famous Museum cards include works by Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Rembrandt, El Greco, Bruegel, and Degas, medieval enamels, frescoes, della Robbias, and early American crewel embroidery. All cards and presents, except the books, are made especially for the Museum and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue will be mailed about September 1.

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# John Greenya: Redecorating the East Room

## Sermons *Not* Preached at the White House by Stephen C. Rose

(Richard W. Baron; $4.95)

Most Sundays in the White House there are prayer meetings or religious services held in the East Room. The Rev. Billy Graham, or one of his minor-league substitutes, gives the sermon, and Washington's New Elect is fond of the results. According to *The Washington Post*, there is even a plan to have the sermons made into a book. If that plan goes through, I pray that they call the book *Sermons Preached at the White House.*

Right now we have a different little book of the not-preached, a slim volume that offers sermons with titles like these: "E Pluribus What? E Pluribus Unum," "God is Where the Wound Is," "Your Pessimism is My Optimism," "The What - Can - I - Do Syndrome," "Whom Does the Pentagon Defend?" "Fundamentalists' Bad Dream: What Would Happen If We Really Did Render Unto Caesar What Is Caesar's?" and my personal favorite, a sermon addressed to the President, "Can Anyone Get Through To You?"

These sermons – and they are that, for they continue the old Colonial American custom whereby men of the cloth stepped right up and into whatever national fray was going on at the time – are the product of what the mod-

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ern theologian Reinhold Niebuhr calls, in the introduction, a reaction against "The King's Chapel and the King's Court." What Niebuhr is referring to, and the author reacting to, is the Nixon Administration's unofficial establishment of an East Room Sunday Morning State Church.

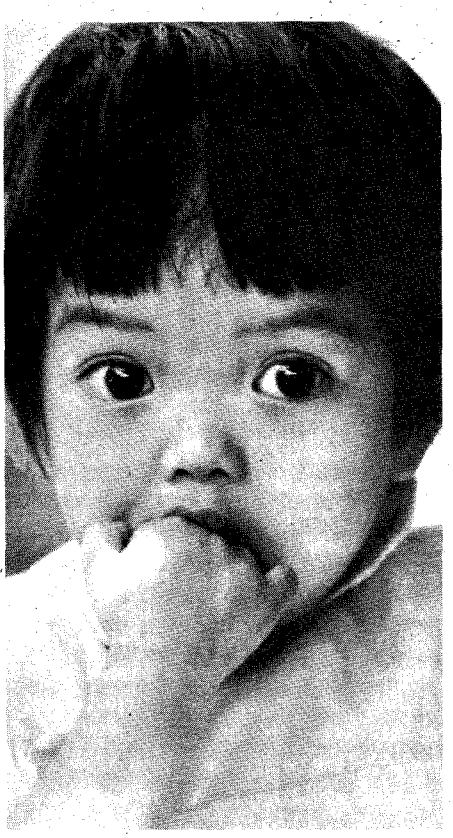
The author is Stephen C. Rose, a fairly young Presbyterian minister who – after having been clubbed and gassed in Chicago in 1968 – stepped back to look at his society and his role within it and has had to confess that he isn't pleased. He has written several other books on church problems and the attempts to solve them.

What has taken the bloom off this Rose is that the holy-happy sermons preached at the White House bear no relation to the problems, moral-ethical-spiritual, of the age. And when Mr. Rose says problem, he doesn't mean kids necking in parked cars or the decline in parental authority; he means that the elected leaders (elders?) of the country ought not to be listening to sanitized sermons, ought not to be part of a religious attitude that too often appears to be playing ad-agency lip service to a higher power. And so Stephen Rose has written his own sermons.

> It is my underlying thesis that both religion *and* politics have lost their proper place in our nation. Religion ought to be inspiring action, not sponsoring it . . . We need new clarification of the proper function of our presently confused institutions, beginning with religious and political structures.
>
> A religion worth its salt speaks to all spheres of life. . . . We must replace the restrictive covenant of the Puritan Fathers with a New Covenant – a covenant of liberation. This New Covenant is the Subject of this book.

And once he has warned the reader that he considers anything fair game, he moves right in:

> If it is really in our interest to insist on equal rights for all, why do we keep from doing so? Partly it is because no political leader has offered us a chance to reassert the principles we affirmed in 1964. Partly it is because there are forces in our society which popularize the false notion that a flag decal on our car will somehow solve our prob-

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**Q. How long has CCF been helping children?** A. Since 1938.

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**Q. Are all the children in orphanages?** A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage.

**Q. What type of projects does CCF support overseas?** A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

**Q. Who owns and operates CCF?** A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

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lems. We are a patriotic people but it is insulting to appeal to patriotism in seeking our support for national policies that are not really in our interest.

Obviously Mr. Rose is a liberal and a disenchanted Democrat, but he cannot be put in a box so easily:

> The typical liberal assessment of the Wallaceites has often been one of snobbish disdain. But such a stance is foolish, typical of a dogmatism within liberalism which refuses to recognize the legitimacy of at least some of the emotions and genuine grievances underlying the Wallaceites phenomenon. . . . There are at least thirteen million, potentially thrice that many, persons fitting the pattern of alienation which George Wallace typifies, and we hardly know them, except at the edge of our lives.

He goes on in this tone of careful and thoughtful attention, until later in the book he rises to the point of true biblical righteousness: "Religion provides insight into the basic principles of righteousness that must underlie all political effort. Religion, the church, is not called to do the work of the state. It is called to tell the state of the danger it is in through the ignoring of righteousness."

At times his text is embarrassingly over-simple, and one gets the feeling here and there that he all of a sudden remembered to mention Jesus because he'd forgotten him for six pages. Also, a great deal of what he says is excessively familiar.

Yet his basic premise, that these are the Sermons that *should* be preached in the White House, is as solid as the Rock of Peter, which is supposed to support the Church, though not necessarily the White House.

**From Hiroshima to SALT:**
**25 years at the brink**

Chalmers Roberts, diplomatic reporter for *The Washington Post*, has written a lively and expert account of the Nuclear Age, from the first blast in '45 to all the efforts and negotiations to avoid a final blast.

Roberts, who has covered almost every major chapter in the history of the Nuclear Age, traces the American and Soviet activities, the arms race, the proliferation of nuclear powers and brings us to Helsinki on the eve of the SALT meetings.

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# Notable

## Empire to Welfare State: English History, 1906-1967 by T. O. Lloyd

(Oxford University Press; $10.00)

With disquieting though conceivably intentional hilarity, parts of Professor Lloyd's volume on England in the Short Oxford History of the Modern World series read like a pastiche of *1066 and All That*, the W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman tongue-in-cheek classic of 1930 that deliberately adopted a kind of *Facts on File* style ("The Roman Conquest was a Good Thing since the Britons were only natives at the time").

Three excerpts from the new study of the decline and fall of the British empire will suffice to convey the essential flavor but the reader may rest assured that the 417 pages abound in equally good things.

"During the first world war British troops were issued with contraceptive sheaths to reduce the wastage of troops from venereal disease, and this meant that a section of the male population indirectly learned something about birth control."

When the Second World War ended, "England was still not very interested in the outside world, and . . . felt she had done enough for it recently."

"The government knew that there were limits to the austerity of life that it could ask of people, but in August 1947 it imposed a prohibitive duty on American films."

The research is quite solid. Who would recall offhand D. H. Lawrence saying, and meaning, that out-of-work miners could live well enough on $3 a week if only they had scarlet trousers to wear? This is a piece of information worth retrieving.

Still, a somewhat deeper work is A. P. J. Taylor's *English History 1914-1945*, now happily available from OUP in paperback, and worth every penny of its paperback price of $3.95.

Taylor is the witty don whose waspish studies of the first and second World Wars created a furore by ruthlessly demolishing military and political reputations. His inter-war years history demolishes more.

## Baldur's Gate by Eleanor Clark

(Pantheon; $7.95)

This is a heavy Southern novel that happens to be set in Connecticut, in a small town called Jordan. The complicated affairs of more families than a small town should have – and particularly the class nuances – are more than thoroughly explored (four generations' worth). Baldur Blake is a sculptor, and he sits enigmatically in the center of things, looking backward to the day when he fathered, on the sly, another of the novel's main characters, and forward to something called the Project, a big real estate venture in which Baldur becomes involved as the grand planner-architect. His "gate," from which the novel takes its title, is one of his pieces of sculpture, but it is also a pretentious symbol, one surely worthy of winning a literary prize, "a double symbol – of differentiation and welcome." It can apply to art, people, or real estate; but the reader is not likely to apply it, unless he is asked to in school, because he is so busy elsewhere, straightening out the tangled expository strands of the novel – in other words getting the story straight – for the main elements of the not-difficult plot are scattered about and concealed as if in some exercise in literary gamesmanship.

While drunk, one of the lesser characters complains that sculpture seems to be on its way out, and adds that in this respect it is like the novel, which "is

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obviously a dead form in literature." Miss Clark works hard against this kind of subversion, sticking faithfully to traditional aspirations for the novel: characters of depth, significant social microcosms. There are fine passages, where the characters come alive, the pace quickens and the strange mish-mash that is Jordan (where even those who pass as patricians achieve vulgarity) seems very real. But the passages are hard to find. The moral of the story, extremely well documented behind the literary murk seems to be: "scratch the old virtue-scab anytime, on anybody, and out comes the stink."

## The Environmental Crisis
edited by Harold W. Helfrich Jr.

(Yale; $7.50)

## Population, Resources, Environment
by Paul R and Anne H. Ehrlich

(W. H. Freeman; $8.95)

## The Challenge of World Poverty
by Gunnar Myrdal

(Pantheon; $6.95)

Interior Secretary Hickel's ban on 16 pesticides including DDT may yet save Antarctic seals, from whose fat DDT has been recovered. But much remains to do. A study of North Polar snow reveals a 300 percent rise in lead content since 1940. The essays in the Helfrich book neatly encapsulate for lay readers the scientists' frettings about pollution, and Dr. Paul Ehrlich is one of the contributors; but the big and scary book in the field of pollution and population is the Ehrlichs' own volume, replete with tables, charts and doom. Public response to those now familar warnings seems disturbingly equivocal. Keynes the economist introduced his *General Theory* by explaining it was an abstruse work intended for fellow experts but laymen were welcome to eavesdrop on the debate. PRE, if one may abbreviate, is not abstruse and is angry, emotional and declamatory. There is a danger of such books getting the wrong kind of following, people who relish them the way an earlier century lapped up Gothic novels – which would be a pity since so much of what the Ehrlichs and the others say (though not necessarily all they recommend) is right.

Stylistically Dr. Myrdal is in the same rut but deeper – his writing is coming to resemble Queen Victoria's letters, full of heavily underlined words, sentences, whole paragraphs. One has an impression of a man running and shouting. He, too, is full of doom and gloom: about the transparent swindle "foreign aid" has become; about tropical overbreeding. Once again, it's mostly only too true. But does "Challenge" really add essentially to the recently published, three-deck *Asian Drama*? No. It's as if Keynes had written the *Treatise on Money* then followed with the *Treatise on Money* instead of the *General Theory*. The doctors won't save the human race, or even the seals, by letting the situation make them stutter and throw conniption fits.

*A new book by Alex Campbell, Managing Editor of* The New Republic – Unbind Your Sons: the Captivity of America in Asia – *has just been published by Liveright; $6.50.*

## Drugs & Youth
by Robert Coles, Joseph H. Brenner, and Dermot Meagher

(Liveright; $5.95)

## Conflict and Dissent in the High School
by Kenneth L. Fish

(Bruce; $6.95)

*Drugs & Youth* begins as a facts book about marijuana, heroin and synthetic hallucinogenic drugs. It anatomizes them, describes their sources, their histories, their effects. It balances the traditional normalcy of some drug use (e.g., "in the halcyon days of the British raj, ladies from England commonly served afternoon tea cake prepared with marijuana") against various current dangers ("appalling ignorance of the effects" of heroin, etc.).

Having disposed of the drugs the authors proceed to the users, their predicament, and the laws that surround them. Of particular sociological interest is (1) the apparent spread upward and outward of drug usage, from ghetto to suburb, and (2) the large cultural implications of the country's drug jag –


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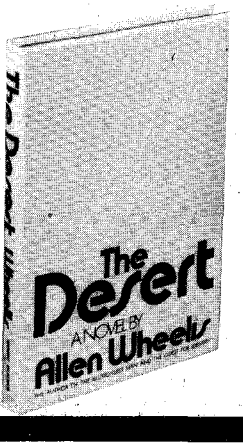


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youth desiring lives "in which they serenely share rather than earnestly seek after." Extended comments of young users are included. The book is a wise one; it is also useful for settling practical arguments about, say, which state it is most expensive to get caught smoking pot in.

Another book purporting to give us practical wisdom for dealing with youth (among the hordes of educational-crisis books now being published) misses completely. *Conflict and Dissent in the High School* is by a high school principal, Kenneth Fish, who provides us with organizational charts for schools, recipes for controlling student newspapers and lavatories, advice on setting up properly representative student councils (for undertaking "substantial projects like obtaining the long-needed late activities bus"), and straight talk on when to call the police. Principals are an unhappy, beleaguered lot, but their plight (and the plight of teachers and students) will be relieved more quickly by the sort of detached specificity provided in *Drugs & Youth* than by a compilation of Do's and Don'ts. Sample Don't by Fish: "avoid holding mass protest meetings or confrontations in school during the school day."

# Television

## How Dull *The Advocates*

I dimly recall from childhood a radio program called Famous Jury Trials in which the listener was asked to think of himself as one of the jury. It must have made a great impression on me, for long after discarding the mantle of Junior Juror in Radioland, I continued to think of the adversary system as nobler and grander than any other of our institutions. Nothing in later experience has quite dispelled that aura of divinity. I may disagree with the charges or the verdicts in the Chicago Conspiracy trial, but trial by jury still is preferable to putting men's feet in the fire.

Broadcasters too swear by the adversary system as a means of getting at the truth. They've been itching to get their apparatus into courtrooms ever since 1937, when the American Bar Association set up its Canon 35 against the presence of microphones and cameras. They're still barred, along with TV cameras, and microphones, from courtrooms in most states.

It was radio reportage, from outside the courtroom, during the Lindbergh kidnapping trial in 1935, that prompted the ABA to adopt Canon 35. The only broadcast from inside was the reading of the verdict, but the hokum broadcast from across the street stripped the proceedings of their dignity in the lawyer's estimation. Perhaps if TV cameras had been permitted in Judge Hoffman's court, there might have been less, not more of a circus atmosphere. I don't know. At any rate, in the absence of admission tickets to the sanctum, TV has felt deprived, and has too readily succumbed to the temptation to become itself something of a courtroom, dependent on such parajuridical paraphernalia as panels, moderators, and such, and tending to substitute polls – juries of a sort – for real reporting.

Some broadcasters go the whole hog, duplicating the courtroom structure as in *The Advocates*, the series on public television (which has just signed off until October). Here lawyers are pitted against one another in the presence of a "judge," to argue the pro and con of great public questions. The jury is the studio audience, who vote by pushing buttons, and presumably the viewers at home, who are asked to register their vote by postcard. The same lawyers appear week after week. No matter how skillful their arguments, or how impressive the witnesses they call and the films admitted as evidence, you never forget you're watching lawyers, men who don't have any connection with the cases they plead, and lawyers not at work but at play. It's rather like a college debating society, or a law-school exercise; the advocates don't represent anything, unless it's the legal profession; and the better their forensics, the more theatrical they seem. By pretending that anything as complex and weighty as a great public question is reducible to courtroom dialectic and resolution, the questions themselves are made to seem fictive. They actually *believe* that old chestnut: "there are two sides to every question."

Worse, the questions are further simplified by casting them as specific, if subjunctive, proposals. For example, on June 29: "So that women may work and men share in family tasks, should unions demand that everyone be given the option to work full- or half-time?" (Well, that takes care of The Woman Question.) On March 15: "Should the Government pressure people to use doctors who work in groups on salary?" On June 7: "Should you as a stockholder vote for three directors of your public corporation whose major responsibility would be the protection of consumer and environmental interests?" (Hiding behind the dialectical facade is our old friend, the Social Engineer, always keen to manipulate people into attitudes he considers "desirable.") Sometimes the question is less hypothetical, as on May 10, when the Goodell resolution was debated, and on June 14 and 21, when it was asked whether the US should sell more planes to Israel. The first part gave the Arab's position, the second, Israel's.

But nothing is at stake in this television courtroom, no one has anything to lose. The question debated may be one of the life and death of nations, the witnesses may be Golda Meir and Nasser (both on film), but nothing said on the program will affect the outcome, unless perchance Mr. Nixon is in the jury and will be swayed by one argument or the other. And the lawyers' reputations cannot suffer; they'll be back in a week or two to argue some other case. Whether the unseen jury will be back is another question, for the show is, finally, a *show*, and fake. Even worse, it's dull.

A delusion in *The Advocates*, the only regular public affairs program on public television nationally, is that the adversary system, with courtroom make-believe, can throw more light on a subject than could documentary makers or other journalists. I doubt it. Issues are obscured, not clarified, when the lawcats' fur flies; much is distorted or left out, or oversimplified in the rush to score points. But let's hear Edmund Burke testify: "It cannot escape observation, that when men are too much confined to professional and faculty habits, and as it were inveterate in the recurrent employment

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of that narrow circle, they are rather disabled than qualified for whatever depends on the knowledge of mankind, on experience in mixed affairs, on a comprehensive, connected view of the various, complicated, external and internal interests, which go to the formation of that multifarious thing called a state."

Burke to be sure was deploring a Third Estate dominated by lawyers, but his remarks apply to a Fourth Estate so dominated.

Now the adversary system *is* something of a "fact-finding" device, but it's no substitute for "investigative" reporting. It's directed toward determining fact – but only partly, since all parties in litigation may not have an equal interest in finding the truth. Circumscribed and retrospective, it leaves little room for the exploration of eventual consequences of "the facts," and is intolerant of prophecy. Perhaps poets could do more than lawyers to clarify great questions. *"L'imagination au pouvoir!"* as the walls cried in Paris in '68.

Ah, but sending in a scrub team of lawyers to do the job of journalists and poets avoids certain risks. It's a lot easier to present an oral argument that's adequate by lawyers' standards than it is to make a documentary that's adequate by lawyers' or anyone's standards; and it's a lot cheaper. But not better. I'd suppose, from public television's current attitude, that the adversary system averts any possibility of seriously offending anyone. When the famous "two sides" are pretty much equally presented, who's to quibble – even if there may be ten sides, some of them angular, refusing to fit a convenient dualism? We do accept the dualism of the adversary system in the courts. But to apply it outside the courts as the major instrument of public information is specious. It does, however, get public broadcasting, dependent as it is on congressional approval for its life, off the firing line.

**Sedulus**

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN BERRYMAN *will be publishing a new volume of poetry in the fall entitled* Love and Fame. JOHN GREENYA *is a freelance writer in Washington.* REED WHITTEMORE'S *new book of verse,* Fifty Poems Fifty, *has just been published by the University of Minnesota Press at $4.75.*

# Correspondence

*The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

## Life in Saigon

*Sirs:*

Don Ronk's article ("Can Thieu Hold On," June 27) was most disturbing to me both because I know Don, and because I know Saigon. I hate to see the two so out of touch.

Having lived in Vietnam for three years – the last year in Saigon – I feel I must react to some of Don's romanticisms. First, that bit about not being able to take long walks through Saigon is nonsense. The last time I had a rock thrown at me was in St. Louis. Once or twice a day I eat in working-class soup shops or rice kitchens, some of which are in pretty rough, out-of-the-way neighborhoods. I have always been warmly received – as soon as it's learned that I speak Vietnamese and didn't just stop in for a beer and a girl. Usually, I ride around the city on an old Lambretta, but not too long ago I had occasion to take a really long walk through Saigon very late at night. I had run out of gas and was pushing the scooter the several miles to my home. As I passed a particularly dreary corner near a deserted market area, a fellow on a Honda stopped in front of me, fetched an old can from the gutter, drained some gas from his tank and gave it to me – then sped off just as quickly as he had come.

As to the problem of Vietnamese not speaking to foreign residents who have learned the language, again this has not been my experience. Most of my Western friends and I are overwhelmed with Vietnamese who are eager to chat with us. When we sit in public reading a Vietnamese newspaper, for example, people frequently engage us in conversation apparently for no other reason than to see if we really are able to speak their language. Children look at our watches, then ask us what the time is, for the same reason.

The Vietnamese people are still a warm, hospitable people. They have not yet reached the level of social disintegration that we have reached in the States. Of course, if our "nation building" attempt continues for another ten or fifteen years, it's possible that we might bring them down to our level, but I doubt it. The Vietnamese have over 4000 years of history behind them, during which they have fought off the Chinese, the French, and assorted other invaders – and they will eventually get rid of us. They will do so not because they are anti-American, but because they are pro-Vietnamese.

There is some anti-Americanism here, to be sure, but the Vietnamese have not yet learned the kind of bitterness, hatred, and racism which we Americans have been demonstrating before the world these last few years. Thus, when an American communicates his pro-Vietnam feelings through the language, a respect for the culture, the literature, the history, etc., he is readily accepted. As Confucius taught (he was an oriental philosopher it turns out, not a gag writer at a fortune cookie factory) "all men are brothers."

The question as to whether Thieu can hold on, however, seems to me to be entirely unrelated to all of this. Thieu is held in power by us Americans, not


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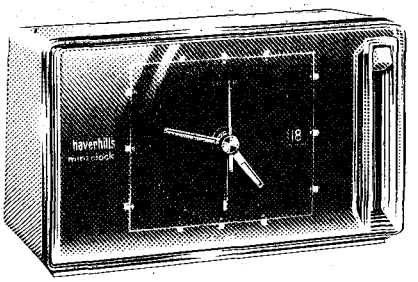


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by the Vietnamese people. Therefore, even if the Vietnamese people were eager about the student movement here (which they very certainly are not) it wouldn't make much difference, except that it would probably force the government to become even more extreme in its methods of oppression. Actually, the reaction to student, Buddhist, and veterans' demonstrations seems to be about what it would be in the States. In my experience, the reaction ranges from support to opposition with the majority saying "Oh, they'll get hurt," or "Hell, look at that traffic jam."

Thieu can hold onto Vietnam as long as we hold onto Thieu, and, it looks like that's going to be a while

*Bill Herod*
*Saigon*

## Disincentives to Work?

*Sirs:*

In proposing a "National Service Administration" (*NR*, Jan. 31), Prof. Melville Ulmer exaggerated its anti-inflation potential and grossly understated its actual costs. At the same time, Mr. Ulmer puts forward a program with serious *disincentives* to work, get a better job, and keep families intact. These are all central issues in the design of a comprehensive income-maintenance program.

Through large-scale public employment, NASAD is supposed to shift labor demand in favor of the unskilled. This would be accompanied by job-retraining and computerized job placement to improve workers' positions. Mr. Ulmer suggests that these moves would make full employment without price inflation a reality. His view ignores the need of worthwhile public employment projects for substantial capital overheads and professional personnel. Thus, demand might not be shifted very much toward the unskilled by expanded public employment.

Even if NASAD could increase demand for the unskilled without increasing demand for the skilled and capital, price stability would not automatically become attainable. Mr. Ulmer forgets that additional causes of inflation are widely believed by economists to exist. These are "bottlenecks" in production other than professional and skilled labor, demand shift in the face of downward price rigidities, and monopolistic and bargaining elements in labor and commodity markets.

Aside from these technical points, why justify an income-maintenance program on the basis of its vaunted contribution to economic stabilization? Aren't the income redistribution needs in themselves sufficiently compelling?

NASAD raises the family incomes of beneficiaries below the poverty line to the "poverty threshhold." It benefits no families living above the poverty line. This feature is commonly called a "100 percent tax rate" by economists, since it effectively taxes away all of a beneficiary's own earned income. NASAD attempts to moderate the incentive-killing qualities of this feature by imposing a work-or-training requirement on employable beneficiaries.

Unfortunately, the work requirement will not prevent the confiscatory tax from undermining incentives to work and improve one's employment situation. NASAD would repeat the social calamity of the Speenhamland system of relief. This sole experiment in 100-percent-tax income maintenance for the working poor prevailed in England for the 40 years following 1795. Under this system, "no laborer had any material interest in satisfying his employer," and work "became indistinguishable from 'boondoggling,'" in the view of economic historian Karl Polanyi (*The Great Transformation*).

NASAD qualifies a family for income transfers only if its employable members comply with the work requirement. This may place heavy pressures on family heads and other employable members to work or retrain. But it may also exert a strong incentive for employable family members to desert. Desertion and possible family fragmentation are enhanced by NASAD's confiscatory tax on family earnings. To police against mere paper desertions would require reinstituting the justifiably resented welfare system.

The most incredible aspect of NASAD is its claim of a net cost "in the neighborhood of $6 billion." Without entering the technical details which belie this claim, its error can be intimated. For example, the Nixon plan for a "Family Assistance System" guarantees only 43 percent of the poverty line and pays nothing to childless couples and unrelated individuals. FAS has a *projected first-year net cost* of $4.5 billion. NASAD guarantees the *full* poverty line to *all* of the population, yet claims only $1.5 billion additional funds! This is clearly a big miscalculation, unless Mr. Ulmer intends to eliminate many welfare-related programs which even Nixon intends to retain.

Further, Mr. Ulmer has failed to reckon the extra costs of NASAD via work disincentives and labor-cost increases for industries which previously employed substandard-wage labor. And he is in factual error in reporting the 1969 Social Security Administration poverty index for an urban family of four as $3500. The correct figure is $3745. He fails to spell out many important details of NASAD – such as whether mothers of school-age children need work in order to qualify.

Before he can ask us to consider NASAD at all seriously, Mr. Ulmer owes us a much better specification (than in his *NR* article or his book) of his cost estimates and of how the difficulties sketched above could be handled.

*Jonathan R. Kesselman*
*MIT, Cambridge, Mass.*

## Errata

A misprint at the end of Joseph Featherstone's "Teaching Writing" (July 11, 1970) inflated the cost of the Teachers and Writers Collaborative *Newsletter*. The correct price is $3.00 for 4 issues.

In Daniel P. Moynihan's comment on the Nixon Family Assistance Program, a typographical error put the Administration's Food Stamp entitlement at $894. (July 18, p. 32, par. 6, line 3). The correct figure is $864.

THE EDITORS

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## Kauffmann, *from page 16*

a long story if you've lived it," says Lena of her life.

This play comes before us sublimely innocent of the news that this kind of theater is supposed to be dying, as many (including me) have said, with reason enough. *Boesman and Lena* is the kind of play that "nobody" writes any more, representational, sequential, mimetic; but it is rooted in such a felt need, its symbolism is so thoroughly assimilated, its tragic view so wholesouled, that it again proves a sometimes forgotten truth: no art-form is dead so long as it fits the purpose of a committed and talented artist. There are at least two ways in the theater to reach the elemental: by going forward from the moribund present or by going back from it. In formal terms, Fugard has done the latter.

As Boesman, James Earl Jones gives a good, forceful performance with fissures in it. When he first entered, I thought he was the other actor, so well had this big man imagined himself small and tired. Soon, however, there were some facial and physical grimaces in the part, and occasionally the accents of Jones can be heard in Boesman's speech. As the old man, an African actor named Zakes Mokae is like an ancient black angel. But the glory of the production is Ruby Dee's performance of Lena.

Four summers ago, in the middle of a converted baseball field in Ypsilanti, Michigan, I saw Miss Dee as Cassandra in a production of the *Oresteia*, her tiny form filling that huge space, prophesying death in the king's house and a future for herself. Lena fulfills that latter prophecy. When Miss Dee enters, her eyes have taken command of her being, have taken it somewhere else. Her body can do anything she asks of it, and she asks a great deal, but it is her voice that she has now developed to heroic range, from simper to demonic fury. With an imagination that conceives largely, with completely reliable techniques, with fire and pity and powerful spirit, this little woman becomes a giant, making this mud-creature into a protean figure. It is the best performance I have seen in the American theater since Judith Anderson's Medea.

John Berry has directed with passion and skill. The costumes by Margie Goldsmith and the lighting by David F. Segal are perfect. To them, to all involved in this production, thanks and praise. To Athol Fugard, off there in the South Africa that is at once his prison and his reason for artistic being, greetings, honor, love.

## SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer months, *The New Republic* will not appear on

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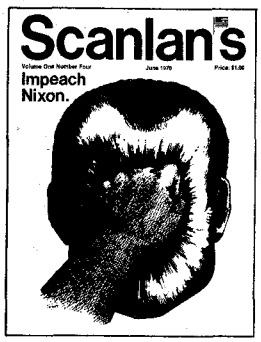


SCANLAN'S is a new magazine.

It's probably the only magazine ever named for a universally loathed Irish pig farmer. It's probably also the only magazine which pays advertisers for running their ads or which charges its readers for their letters to the editor. But more about that later.

SCANLAN'S is run by two guys – Warren Hinckle (formerly of RAMPARTS), and Sidney Zion (formerly of THE NEW YORK TIMES). You could think of SCANLAN'S as a cross between RAMPARTS and THE NEW YORK TIMES. You'd be dead wrong, but you could think of it that way if you wanted to. SCANLAN'S feels people should think what they want to think.

APPLE PIE FLAG

SCANLAN'S has no axe to grind politically or otherwise, but we're more than willing to take a whack at anyone of whatever persuasion if we think he deserves one, including members of our most hallowed institutions. Not that we have anything against Mom or Apple Pie or The Flag, but still. You trust your mother but you cut the cards.

Some folks are going to hate SCANLAN'S quite a lot. Some not so much. Some might get a big kick out of it. We hope not *everybody* likes SCANLAN'S, because if everybody likes you then you're in trouble. (You can tell a man by his enemies, and all that.)

SCANLAN'S is not a service magazine. It will not tell you how to find a husband or a wife or a bed partner, and it will not tell you how to turn a butterchurn into a lamp or a lamp into a butterchurn. If we like something, if we think it's exciting, we'll run it in SCANLAN'S even if it seems out of place. We think magazine editors who say, "This article is great, but it's not for us," are full of it.

Here are some examples of the sort of thing you'll find in SCANLAN'S:

★ How people counterfeit credit cards and get away with it.
★ How to impeach Richard Nixon and get away with it.
★ How after six months and one billion dollars, advertising got to own ecology.
★ An inside, gossipy, substantive, and altogether lovely attack on Newsweek by one of its ex-staffers.
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MAFIA

★ A thing about how there is no Mafia in Jersey City (heh heh).
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★ More things like the above, some of it even better, some of it not.

Now about that business of paying advertisers. We at SCANLAN'S happen to be financially independent for the present because we sold stock in our magazine, went public and raised 675,000 bucks. This is a lot of money, even for boozehounds like Warren Hinckle and Sidney Zion, so we're in fairly solid shape.

Still, we enjoy reading a really good ad as much as a really good article, and since we aren't hard up for Madison Avenue money, we figured why not pay a guy who writes a terrific ad as well as we pay a guy who writes a terrific article? We pay from $1,000 to $1,500 for articles, so we guess we can pay $500 for a really top-notch ad.

To even things off, we *are* going to charge people who want us to print their letters to the editor, since we feel this is a form of the Vanity Press. Letters to the editor of SCANLAN'S will be printed at a cost to the writer of 25 cents per word. Correspondents are advised to edit their own letters, as it will cost them more if they don't. Letters which we find particularly dumb or boring will cost $1.00 per word, and they will only be put into type after the writer's check clears the bank.

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If you have already read this far, you are at least *somewhat* intrigued by what we are selling, right? Now then, what we are selling costs a buck an issue, or since this is a Charter Subscription, *ten* bucks for *twelve* issues – which is not peanuts but which is not Baked Alaska either.

Let's face it, what's ten bucks these days anyway? Seven drinks in a bar, or three-and-a-third tickets to an arty movie. A subscription to SCANLANS, even if it isn't better, will at least *last* longer.

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